MARVEL

WWW.MARVEL.COM

145

MORRISON

BACHALO

TOWNSEND

NEW X-MEN®

PHOENIX

Assault On Weapon Plus

4 of 4

© 2011 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. WWW.MARVEL.COM

ASSAULT ON WEAPON PLUS PART 4 OF 4 THE DEVIL

PREVIOUSLY IN NEW X-MEN...

Under the ominous Dome of **The World,** time stands eerily still. Freshly ravaged by the brutal rampage of one of its former inhabitants, every last victim is trampled underfoot, every bird in mid-flight remains forever fixed in a horrific freeze-frame testifying to the massive carnage inflicted by an experiment gone horribly awry.

It is here, under the Dome, that the **Weapon Plus Program** breeds and supplies artificially evolved super-soldiers designed with a sole purpose: to win the imminent war between mutant and man. And it is here that the former Weapon XIII—**Fantomex**—lures **Wolverine** with promises of the ever-elusive secrets of his past. As former victims of the brutal Weapon Plus Program, both men wish to revisit their past in hopes of gaining a greater understanding of their true identities. And with **Cyclops** by their side, they venture into new territory where they must face a formidable new foe—the lethal **Weapon XV.**

But as time is suddenly unfrozen, the dreaded mechanical menace of the Car-Cops bears down on our heroes. As Fantomex, Wolverine, and Cyclops fight valiantly to contain the devastating electrical blasts of Weapon XV, the unthinkable happens...he escapes, shattering the protective Dome which, until now, has safely encapsulated the horror produced within the barbaric Weapon Plus Program. And as Weapon XV's escape pod accelerates into the sky, he climbs into the atmosphere looking down at the Earth, unstoppable, indestructible, immortal.

And free.

GRANT MORRISON
WRITER

CHRIS BACHALO
PENCILER

TIM TOWNSEND
W/ VEY & SOWD
INKERS

CHRIS CHUCKRY
COLORIST

VIRTUAL CALLIGRAPHY'S RUS WOOTON
LETTERER

ANNE THORNTON
ASSISTANT EDITOR

MIKE MARTS
EDITOR

JOE QUESADA
EDITOR IN CHIEF

BILL JEMAS
PRESIDENT

© 2011 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental.

I have come to this house as if drawn to a *light* inside my mind.

I have come from *The World* below to find answers to my questions.

But there are too many questions.

Too much emptiness.

Too much *everything.*

All of this is *mine.*

But it's all too much.

I wish someone would just tell me what to *do.*

Inside...

...a *second* World.

It's on its *way in*-- exactly as planned, Doctor.

Weapon Fifteen! Welcome home, son!

It's inside now, sir.

Can we evacuate?

Oh, don't worry about Fifteen...he's just a little *confused.* War trauma can do that.

Mutants obliterated *The World* colony where he was born and raised. *Hellish* business.

But don't you worry...you'll get your revenge *soon enough,* Fifteen.

This is the *mansion* we have prepared for you and your kind-- *Super-sapiens,* we call you.

Part-man, part-machine, you were made to serve as the protectors of *humankind* against the menace of *mutations.*

You're part of a *biological arms race.*

You remember your primary function *now,* don't you, Fifteen?

Destroy the mutants?

OUTSIDE...

The space station is still under construction and operating on ten percent power... defenses minimal...

...the door is open, Fantomex.

Thank you, E.V.A.

Shall we complete our campaign of righteous destruction, gentlemen?

Why didn't it *kill* me, Fantomex?

Weapon XV... it was like...it was like running a fight program... like pro-wrestling...

You're *complaining,* Monsieur Summers?

I always *wondered* what you got up to outside of X-Men hours, *Logan*...now I know.

Oh, and X-Jackets *off.* The Professor wouldn't want to be associated with vandalism on *this* scale.

Whatever.

Stay back, boys--*E.V.A.* senses fifteen armed targets.

You seem pretty restrained, Logan.

The smell of blood around that lunatic is driving me half-*crazy,* Summers--but *somebody's* gotta watch your back!

Skeleton staff.

Get

it?

Charges are all in place.

We blow it all to *hell* and we leave without a *trace.*

Look at *this*--this station was to become fully operational within *two weeks.*

Weapon Plus is going *public* with designer supermen.

You mean designer *mutant-killing* machines.

Now, as promised... you helped get me *this* far, Monsieur Logan.

I'm opening the complete *Weapon X* database.

You have ten minutes to browse... this is *your life.*

...SINCE THE DAWN OF THE MUTANTS, HUMANKIND HAS SEARCHED FOR WAYS TO MATCH THEIR UNCANNY POWERS. THE WEAPON PLUS SUPER-SOLDIER INITIATIVE HAS LED THE FIELD IN HUMAN ENHANCEMENT TECHNOLOGIES...

Yeah.

Looks about right...

...you guys go on. I'll catch up.

...WEAPON I TRIALS STILL REMAIN THE MOST SUCCESSFUL APPLICATION OF THE TECHNOLOGY TO DATE, BUT THE QUEST FOR THE PERFECT SOLDIER, EQUPPED TO WIN THE EVOLUTIONARY WAR, GOES ON...

It's the whole *history*... *Weapon O* all the way to *Weapon XV*.

And the lost *Weapon X files*, right?

Listen, I'll be fine here...

...you guys should get *back* before...

BLAMM! BLAMM! BLAMM!

FREEZE! STATION SECURITY!

Ah, the other eight targets.

C'est le mort.

...USE OF CRIMINALS, PSYCHOPATHS AND VIOLENT MUTATIONS IN LATER SUPER-SOLDIER TRIALS YIELDED SOME EXPERIMENTAL ADVANCES, BUT NO RELIABLE OR REPEATABLE PROCEDURE...

...ATTEMPTS TO CONTROL THE AGGRESSIVE RESPONSE OF SUBJECTS USING MEDICATION PROVED UNSUCCESSFUL AND BEGINNING WITH THE WEAPON TEN TRIALS, A RADICAL NEW BEHAVIOR MODIFICATION TECHNIQUE WAS DEVISED, USING FALSE MEMORY IMPLANTS...

Logan, we're *done* here!

We get back to *E.V.A.* and all's well.

Logan?

Just *go*, will ya?

I have to see this *Weapon Ten* stuff...this is about who I *was* before Weapon Plus found me... this is everything I can't *remember* about who I am...

CRRK-CRACKK

Whu--?

E.V.A?!

Fantomex!

THWAKWAK

Hello, Fantomex...so you all came home today, hmm?

We know your **weakness**, Fantomex. Your nervous system is stored **outside** your body...

Who the--?

UGGHN-!

Fantomex!

What's wrong?

UGGHH!

...switch to my back-up nervous system...

I can only see in black and white...but I can't leave E.V.A. to be tortured...

Logan!

We're moving on!

Sure.

...MUTANT TEST SUBJECT/ 'JAMES'/LETHAL VARIANT GENETIC ANOMALY/SUBJECT DESIGNATE: WEAPON X FIRST RECIPIENT, OF MULTIPLE MEMORY IMPLANTS

I won't be long...

...I just found what I was looking for...

OPEN FILE

Fantomex, what *is* this place?

A meeting room?

It looks like a movie set...

This was to be their headquarters...*our* headquarters.

I was supposed to sit *here,* brooding under the spotlight while we targeted mutant nests for extermination.

An unbeatable team of *living Sentinels,* custom-grown in *The World.*

FANTOMEX

And Weapon Fifteen there...or *"Ultimaton",* God help him live *that* down.

And Weapon Twelve... *"Huntsman".*

You see what they were *planning,* Monsieur Summers?

HUNTSMAN

ULTIMATON

Market research.

How *better* to introduce new strains of highly controversial, genetically-engineered *supermen* to the public?

How else to unleash these hybrids on an *unsuspecting* population?

This genetic cleansing operation disguised as a comic book *fighting team.*

FANTOMEX

Then it's *war,* isn't it?

Humans *never* trusted us. They never *will.*

They won't rest until we're *all dead.*

TOMEX

Have you any idea what it's like to be *hated*... no matter *what* you do?

No matter how hard you try to do *right*?

You should *go* now, Monsieur Summers.

Your aid has been *invaluable* and your company stimulating, but you should *go* now... there are still shuttles you can escape on...

But I *can't* go.

I can't walk away from this *now!*

Hah! Let's hope we *all* find what we're looking for, 'Cyclops'.

My *E.V.A.* was dragged through here.

E.V.A.!

NO...

Ouch.

"The Super-Sentinels." How does that sound? Corny?

Sure it does. But it's corn they can understand.

Who the hell is *this* idiot?

I was there when they pulled you, soaking wet, out of **The World** and put you on that **train**, Fantomex.

I'm your **boss**. I've been running this show for about as long as I can **remember**.

I'm just so... **disappointed** in you...you should have been our team's cool **stealth killer**.

We'd have scripted you to be the kind of character people **love**.

Multiple brains for independent, parallel processing. An external nervous system. Nano-active blood and an **attitude** to die for!

We gave you **everything**... and you chose to go faux **French**!

BA-BOOM!

FANTOMEX!

NNEEEAA!! E.V.A.! E.V.A.!

The Super-Sentinels are a Saturday morning cartoon come to **life**... scripted and sold as a **24-hour** reality TV soap opera.

Everybody's gonna **love** us and nobody will mind one bit when a few creepy **mutants** find themselves on the receiving end of hardline Super-Sentinel justice.

E.V.A! E.V.A!

Our informant **within** the Xavier Institute tells us of a buildup of arms and soldiers, and a major **new** mutant threat to human security...

...this station will survive your inept assault. **Weapon XV** will eliminate you in accordance with his programming.

Then...in less than **two weeks** from today...

...the sleepers will wake from their tanks and mutantkind will be exterminated, humanely.

I don't think so.

NNF!

You *want* something?

You got me at a *real* bad time, bub.

What is the purpose of life?

Do I *look* like a philosopher to you, bub?

Doctor Sublime has told me my purpose is to exterminate all traces of the mutant genetic line on Earth.

But there are *millions* of living mutations and...I wonder...

...I could have been a *painter,* as well...

Nah. See, I just found out *who* I am and *what* I am...and...

...well, let's just say some of us were *born* to kill and *raised* to kill and that's the only damn thing we're any *good* for.

Everything else is just *lies* we tell ourselves.

You're asking *me* about the purpose of *life,* you *&#! genocide machine?

It's like this...

BEEP!

CONTINUED